Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the marke:
Now will he sit under a Medlar tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kinde of fruit,
As maides call Medlars when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open and catera, and thou a Poperin peare.
Romeo good night, I'le to my Truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we goe?

Ben. Goe then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here,
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He jests at scarres that never felt a wound:
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne:
Arise faire sunne, and kill the envious moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire than she:
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall livery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my love, O that she knew she were:
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heaven,
Having some businesse, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their spheares till they returne:
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe; her eye in heaven,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand,
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being o're my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wondring eyes
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing clouds,
And sailes upon the bosome of the Aire.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my love,
And 'Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more? or shall I speake at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*.
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arme, nor face. O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title: *Romeo* d'off thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and 'Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence-forth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Jul. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.